



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers.

PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



### THE GOSPEL OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

"We work not selfishly for ourselves alone, but extend the hand of fellowship to all mankind."—Mr. Powderly, at Richmond.



PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

OFFICE:  
PUCK BUILDING,  
Southwest Corner of Houston and Mulberry Streets,  
NEW YORK CITY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.  
(United States and Canada.)

One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$5.00  
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 2.50  
One Copy, for 13 weeks, - - - - - 1.25  
Remit by P. O. Money Order, Postal Note, (payable at Station  
"A," Draft, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter.  
(England and all Countries in the Berne Postal Treaty.)  
One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers, - - - - - \$6.00  
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers, - - - - - 3.00  
One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers, - - - - - 1.50

INCL. POSTAGE.

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER  
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Attention is called to the fact that every issue of PUCK is specially copyrighted, and its contents protected by law. We have no objection to the reprinting of paragraphs and articles, where full credit is given; but we cannot permit the reproduction of our pictures, except by special arrangement with us.

## INDEX TO VOLUME XIX.

is now ready, and can be had on application at this office, with out charge, or will be mailed to any address gratis.

NOW READY:  
PICKINGS FROM PUCK.  
(THIRD CROP.)

Price, Twenty-Five Cents.

Mailed to Any Address on Receipt of Thirty Cents.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THERE was a merry jest that had great popularity in the late Spring of 1885. Smith would meet Jones on the street—about the 28th of February, for instance—and would say, as everybody said then who had nothing better to say: "Well, Cleveland's going to be inaugurated on the fourth of next month." "Yes," Jones would reply, gloomily: "and I'll bet you one hundred dollars to a straw hat that there won't be one-third of the business houses of New York City open four calendar months from that day." Smith would at once see a good chance for investment, and would promptly accept and register the bet. Then he would ask Jones, with a supercilious smile, why he put forth such a pessimistic proposition. And then Jones would reply pleasantly that the flight of four calendar months from the Fourth of March would bring the country to the Fourth of July, when two-thirds of New York's business houses would probably be closed. And then Smith would hand over to Jones the price of Jones's summer hat, and go sadly on his way.

But there were people, at that time, who talked quite seriously to the same effect. They were disappointed partisans of Mr. Blaine, and their prophecies were properly discounted by the people. Yet they did what they could to discourage trade by going into the market-place and crying out that there were bad days close ahead. Well, two years, very nearly, have passed since Mr. Cleveland was elected, and

how does the record stand? "Business" is in its normal condition of health; the country has not been handed over to the malicious fiends of Free Trade; Labor can find employment, and Capital is not afraid to make investments; the crops are fair; the weather has been about as weather ought to be, and the rain-fall is, on the average, ample without being excessive—and still we have a Democratic Administration. It is strange that there should be people silly enough to talk as the Blainiacs talked in 1884—stranger still that there should be people silly enough to listen to them in 1886. And yet such prophecies are still the stock-in-trade of the political prophets who have no candidate but James G. Blaine, and no principles but James G. Blaine's.

While the city is waiting for the nominations of the more important candidates, there is a certain amount of popular interest taken in the attempt of Mr. Henry George to capture the mayoralty of New York. It is a merely curious interest: the citizens are so thoroughly weary of bad government that they will listen to any one who is self-confident enough to promise to rid them of it. And there are some who will take Mr. George at his own valuation, as he bounces into the arena, and airily announces that he is the destined political savior of the city. Yet we can not, unfortunately, take Mr. George at his own valuation, however honest his assessment of himself may be. He is a well-meaning man, who has got his education late in life. For the last fifteen or twenty years he has been re-discovering what all the political economists knew before him. He has been reading widely and enthusiastically, and he puts the undigested results of that reading

before the public, with a beautifully calm assurance that what he has learned is as new to people in general as it is to him.

His theoretical equipment is of a motley sort, and he himself is beautifully unconscious of it. All the economists have gone to his furnishing. His discoveries are the discoveries of Comte, of Fourier, of Adam Smith, of Buckle, of Ricardo, of John Stuart Mill. His eminence lies in the fact that he has a grand scheme for the nationalization of land. Now, the nationalization of land was a subject that was talked to death among the Hebrews before Job became a capitalist in the Land of Uz. And the most ignorant of those old political economists would have told Mr. George more than he knows to-day. If he had ever sat down at a table and done a square hour's figuring with pencil and paper, he would never have put forward his wild theory. For, right here in the last of the nineteenth century, Mr. Henry George thinks he thinks that the laboring man would be benefited if the government would tax land, instead of the improvements on land.

It needs only the most elementary education in arithmetic to figure out the truth, that if the taxes now borne by the wealthy owners of improved property were to be divided among the poor, the poor would suffer more than the rich. Mr. George has not made this calculation. But every workingman who, by his industry and self-denial, has bought a home-acre and put a little house on it, can find out for himself whether he could afford to be taxed on the value of his land if all the revenues of the State were derived from assessments on land alone.

If Mr. George had his way, where ten families are crowded into a tenement-house to-day, there would be twenty to-morrow. And where there are twenty now, there would be forty under the George régime.

As a theorist, however, Mr. George is not a dangerous person. If he ever undertook to put his theories into practice, he would find out that he had more to learn—and perhaps he would learn it. But when he undertakes to play the politician, and to try to win votes by giving the idle and the discontented to understand that he is in favor of the confiscation of the land owned by honest citizens, and of the limitation of the powers of the police, who to-day are our one protection against riot and lawlessness—when he steps down from his position as a respectable, though shallow theorist, and becomes a howling demagogue—he is, indeed, a dangerous man. Judging Mr. George by what he has said since his campaign opened, we can see in him nothing more than the exponent of a disguised anarchy. If we are to elect a Mayor who will confiscate land and tie the hands of the police-force, Herr Most is a more suitable man than Henry George, and any member of the Whyo gang is a better choice than either of these reformers.

## CHIPPED TRUTH.



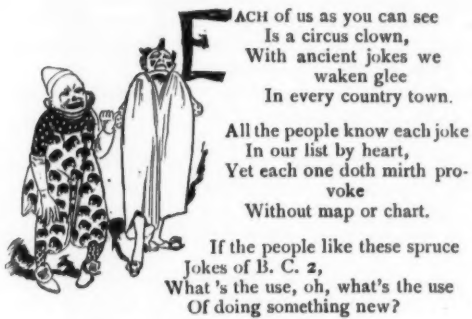
"John, what are these round ivory things in your dress-vest pocket?"

"T—those are samples of b—buttons that I got at my t—tailor's t—to-day, dear; I tucked them in there d—day before yest—"

"Which do you propose to choose for steady wear, John, the red, the white or the blue ones?"



## THE CLOWNS' CONFESSION.



**E**ACH of us as you can see  
Is a circus clown,  
With ancient jokes we  
waken glee  
In every country town.  
All the people know each joke  
In our list by heart,  
Yet each one doth mirth pro-  
voke  
Without map or chart.  
If the people like these spruce  
jokes of B. C. 2,  
What's the use, oh, what's the use  
Of doing something new?

A solid business motto is  
Leave well enough alone,\*  
And we can tell you it is biz  
Providing public fun.\*

We are full of brand-new jests,  
But afraid to throw  
Them at him who gold invests  
For to see the show.

You'd make us no laughter-butt\*  
If you only knew  
How we ache from head to foot\*  
To try a joke that's new.

## THE SENSITIVE SERVANT.



I have had servants of all  
kinds. Honest, dishonest, so-  
ber, tippling, good-natured,  
ill-tempered, Irish, German,  
black, white, polite, impudent,  
industrious, lazy, old, young,  
and red-headed. Some com-  
menced well, and ended badly;  
others commenced badly and  
grew better as they went along.

But each and every one knew how to run the  
place better than I did, until I began to regard  
them as the real heads of the house, and gen-  
erally kept on my guard lest I should offend  
them.

The humors of these creatures are amusing.

I had one girl who would put watermelon  
and butter on a dry, dusty shelf, and a ball of  
cord on the ice in the refrigerator.

When she was leaving the dining-room with  
the china, she invariably piled more dishes on  
her arm than she could safely carry, and on her  
way out would set a few down on the lounge or  
mantel-piece until she returned.

On one occasion, she brought a watermelon  
in in her arms, and walked over to the pantry,  
the door of which was open, and, stooping,  
placed the melon on a dish, about a foot back.  
Then she picked up the dish, and brought the  
whole business out.

Another girl was very fond of the setter-pup,  
and undertook to raise it. When the pup was  
half the size of a calf, she would carry him up  
and down-stairs in her arms, and when her  
work was done at night, she would sit in the  
kitchen, in a rocking-chair, take the dog on her  
lap, and sing lullabies to him until he fell asleep.

The dog's bed consisted of a soap-box, with  
a piece of octagonal grating placed over it, and  
held down by a flat-iron to keep the dog in.  
But the dog used to squeeze through any of the  
octagonal apertures. The servant learned how  
to keep him in. He could only squeeze through  
when empty, so she always kept him so full that  
he looked like a balloon, and was as hard as a  
rock. But suddenly the girl took a dislike to  
the pup, and would have nothing more to do  
with him. One night she didn't feed him

\* These set of rhymes "alone" and "fun," and "butt" and  
"foot" are imitations of the manner of the celebrated smart Alec  
Pope.

enough, and he wriggled out and devoured  
her shoes.

She was a very sensitive girl. If you told  
her she did anything wrong, she would tell you  
she always did it that way, and you would have  
to apologize, and tell her she was right, for fear  
she would become ruffled and leave.

If you wanted your steak broiled, and she  
saw fit to fry it, you would get it fried. She  
usually cooked the eggs hard, and served fish  
and chicken rare. She was an awful cook, and  
cost me, on an average, a couple of dollars a  
week for indigestion medicine.

The dog would take nothing from her hand.  
He would turn away, and go next door and  
work the garbage-barrel. We could leave him  
in the kitchen with turkey or beef in the oven,  
and the dog would never touch it.

The only way he could be induced to eat  
what she cooked, was not to let him see her  
touch it. So I kept him tied just outside the  
window, beside which I sat at table.

When the cook brought anything in that I  
couldn't eat, I poured it down the register into  
the cellar furnace if it was a liquid, and threw  
it out to the dog if it was meat.

Frequently the girl came in, smiled with de-  
light to see the platter almost empty, and think  
her culinary art had been so keenly appreciated.  
But she little dreamed that at the very moment  
she was arrayed in the smile of triumph, the  
poor dog was outside writhing with peritonitis.

The dog that digested the cow-hide shoes as  
though they had been tuberose, finally yielded  
up the ghost; for the girl had cooked his goose.

The dog having died, I had to dismiss the  
girl, for I knew that I could only stand her  
cooking on the Desert of Sahara, where I could  
moor an ostrich outside the window, or in Ven-  
ice, where I could have a private shark chained  
in the canal just beneath the oriel.

R. K. M.

## SOMEBODY HAD TO GO.



THEATRE-MANAGER.—Who's in box A?

DOOR-KEEPER.—Some deadheads.

THEATRE-MANAGER.—Well, I've sold the box, and  
you'll have to put 'em out.

DOOR-KEEPER.—But they're friends of the star.

THEATRE-MANAGER.—Well, then, you'll have to put  
out the man who's just bought the box.

It is very annoying to have a bald-headed  
barber try to sell you a bottle of his hair elixir.

A WESTERN EXCHANGE says that "John Irwin  
is troubled with a stiff neck." To a conscien-  
tious, hard-working reporter, news is never  
scarce.

## HE WON'T BE INVITED AGAIN.



MISS DE CRASHVILLE (with a nudge under the table).—Your napkin, William Henry!

COUNTRY COUSIN (with a fog-horn voice, over the table).—Yes, ain't she a daisy? Th' man that let me  
this dress-suit ain't a-goin' ter git left with no grease spots this time!

# The Story of Elizur



1. There was a man in the land of Connecticut whose name was Elizur; and that man was held in high esteem by his neighbors, for he was one diligent in business and possessing much wealth, yea, exceeding great wealth.

2. Now it came to pass that this same man communed with himself, saying: Lo, I am full of years, and mine end is nigh. Therefore it behooveth me ere I am gathered unto my fathers to see the Elephant, even the Elephant which dwelleth in the land of Gotham.

3. And the thought pleased Elizur, and he arrayed himself in goodly apparel and said unto his household: Behold, now, it becometh necessary for me to journey to a far country on important business, even unto New York. And he took leave of his wife, and of his children, and of his children's children, and of his men-servants and of his maid-servants, and departed thence.

4. Now when he was come into the city and was nigh unto the inn, he marveled within himself greatly that the inn-keeper did not come forth and fall upon his neck and put a ring upon his finger, saying:

5. Now is come Elizur, the son of Eliphalet, unto mine inn, and behold, I have made ready a feast, and will it please thee to come now unto the banquet-hall?

6. For in this manner had they welcomed him at Podunk and at Windboro' and at Dusenbury's Corners. But here came no man forth.

7. So Elizur waxed wroth; nevertheless he went into the inn. And when he had entered he was amazed and wondered much, for the interior of the inn was like unto the interior of no inn at Podunk or at Windboro' or at Dusenbury's Corners.

8. And the inn-keeper's servant, even the servant who stood behind the desk, was clad in costly raiment and wore ornaments of fine gold and many jewels. And when Elizur would fain address him he called unto him a fellow-servant, saying, Front. And when Front was come he sent Elizur unto an upper chamber.

9. Then was Elizur sore vexed, and he was angered in his heart

against the chief servant of the inn-keeper. Nevertheless he held his peace, for he said:

10. They know not that I am Elizur, the son of Eliphalet. On the morrow all will doubtless be well. And if it be not so then will I go unto the inn-keeper and complain of these things which his chief servant hath done unto me. Then was Elizur comforted.

11. But when the morrow was come and he was entered into the banquet-hall, behold, the chief servant came and sat at table with him, saying:

12. How is it with thee, Elizur? Truly it rejoiceth me much to see thee again. And he bade the servants bring them all manner of fish and of meats. And they brought them. And various wines brought they also. Then did Elizur and the chief servant feast. And they were exceeding merry.

13. And when they were done the chief servant said unto Elizur, Whatsoever thou wantest while thou remainest here call for it if thou seest it not. And if, peradventure, a servant offend thee, come thou straightway to me and I, even I, will avenge thee: For verily I say unto thee, it were better for that servant that a bridge fell on him than that he angered thee.

14. Then was Elizur pleased with the chief servant of the inn-keeper. And the chief servant saw that he had found favor in the eyes of Elizur.

15. Now Elizur tarried three days in the land of Gotham, and in those three days painted he the town until the hue thereof was like unto the hue of the setting sun. And when the hour of his departure was come he went unto the chief servant and said:

16. Give me my reckoning. But the chief servant spake and said unto him: Lo, thy reckoning is paid. Then said Elizur: Wherefore sayest thou, my reckoning is paid?

17. Then the chief servant said unto Elizur: Verily, I do my master's bidding. For he is pleased with thee, Elizur.

18. For I say unto thee, thou art the first man from the country who hath slept in this inn since the reign of Rutherford and hath not blown out the gas.

19. Then said Elizur unto the chief servant: Of a verity I tried to blow it out, and I was sore vexed that I could not; but I am grievously afflicted with the asthma and my efforts availed me nothing.

20. Then did the chief servant blaspheme. And Elizur being an upright man rebuked him. But inasmuch as he would not listen, neither cease his lurid remarks, Elizur lifted his gripsack and departed thence.

F. A. S.



## CURRENT COMMENT.

ON MONDAY all the New York papers stated that Lord Lonsdale wore a pink-striped shirt. On Friday of the same week all the New York papers stated that Lord Lonsdale wore a pink-striped shirt. From Monday until Friday is a long time to wear a pink-striped shirt. His Noble Lordship should get himself to a laundry.

AT A RECENT yacht-race at Newport Mrs. James Brown Potter wore an enamel pin presented to her by the Prince of Wales. We did not learn the result of the race.

GENERAL BOOTH, the Salvation Army man, says he is not coming to this country to make money. No, indeed. He is simply coming here to get some that's already made.

WHEN A CASHIER uses the bank's funds and makes money, he doesn't go to Canada. He stays right at home, and attends to his Sunday-school duties.

IT HAS been said that New York is ashamed of her base-ball club. This is not so. New York is too wicked a city to be ashamed of anything.

THE EARTH, in upsetting its own gravity, displays grim humor, indeed.

## AN ILLUSTRATED QUOTATION.



Ah, home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh.

— Campbell.

## RANDOM REMARKS.

A PIECE OF LAND was sold in London the other day at the rate of ten million dollars an acre, and yet, in some parts of this country, land can be had at six cents an acre. If people would shop around a little before making their purchases, they would save money.

POPE LEO will contribute sixty thousand dollars to the exhibition of religious art to be held at the Vatican this winter. McGarragan, of East Broadway, who was evicted yesterday, will send his "God Bless Our Home" motto, having no further use for it.

THERE IS said to be a movement on foot to purify Ohio politics. Such a movement ought to go on horseback or ride in a buggy. It will need all its strength.

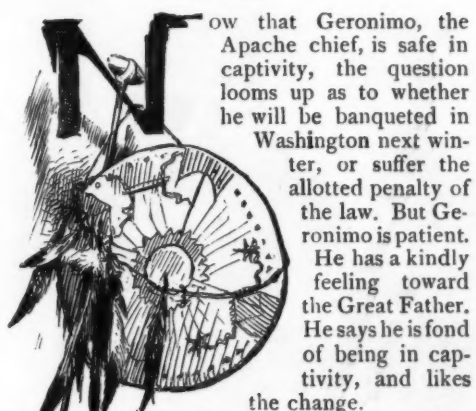
WHAT A DEFAULTING cashier wants is not so much a suspension of public opinion as a suspension of private existence.

WIGGINS HAS discovered an invisible moon. Now, if Wiggins himself were only the man in it!

WHEN MRS. MACKAY gives a dinner to the Prince, she has nine different kinds of pie.



## GERONIMO'S FATE.



Now that Geronimo, the Apache chief, is safe in captivity, the question looms up as to whether he will be banqueted in Washington next winter, or suffer the allotted penalty of the law. But Geronimo is patient. He has a kindly feeling toward the Great Father. He says he is fond of being in captivity, and likes the change.

Young-man-with-a-shirt-stud, a member of Geronimo's band, agrees with his chief; says he is almost out of dentifrice, and would like another "pow-wow" with the Great Father; adds that the Great Father is the essence of forgiveness; that he would never forget the comic opera he witnessed while on a trip to smoke the pipe of peace with the Great Father.

Hole-in-the-blanket, another brave, a staunch follower of Geronimo, seemed pleased at the capture; his eyes lit up with evident joy at the result of the long campaign.

During recent correspondence between Sitting Bull and Geronimo, which was shown to your correspondent, the former says:

Dear Geron:

I see by the daily papers that you have been captured by the U. S. Army. I think it is better for you than to be dodging behind rocks and hills all winter. Then there is the prospect of a long ride to see the Great Father. Bear it well, old boy. The Great Father is kind. I have a box of toilet soap left from a former "pow-wow" between the Great Father and I. The Great Father is kind to the child of the forest.

Faternally, S. BULL.

The Indians in captivity do not have an idea that they will be dealt with severely. While they smoke their calumets in quiet solitude, visions of forthcoming banquets evidently flit through their innocent minds. There are already several complaints among the prisoners about the scarcity of table luxuries during confinement.

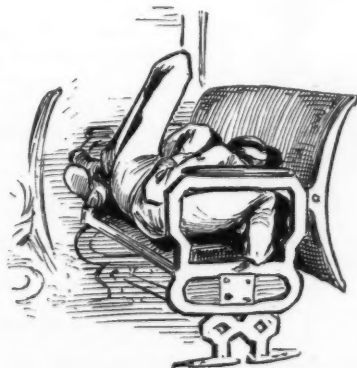
W. L. CRISSEY.

## A FRANK CONFESSION.

"Yes," said Robinson: "our party had fair success on our fishing-tour, but it was all due to Dumley."

"Is he an expert fisherman?"

"No; he doesn't know a sucker from a salt mackerel, but he was thoughtful enough to bring some fish-hooks along."



Sitting up too tiresome—tries another position, which also proves unsatisfactory.

THIS WORLD is full of kind people. One of them is I. H. Who is I. H? Why, I. H. is the creature who got Aldrich's well-known poem into the Brooklyn *Eagle* of Sunday, September 26th, over his initials. It was very kind of I. H. to introduce such a charming lyric as "An Untimely Thought" to Brooklyn, but at the same time we think the *Eagle* ought to dip its old Fulton Street talons about two feet into I. H., soar to an altitude of five miles, and then suddenly release him.

## IT DIDN'T WORK.



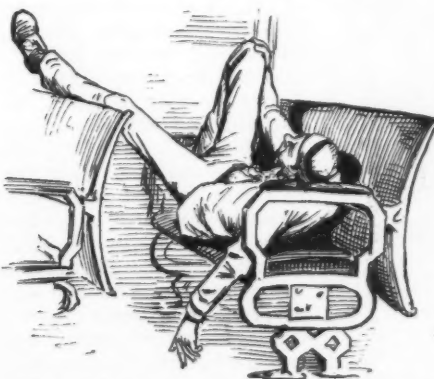
Drummer Longlimb concludes to save the expense of a sleeper.



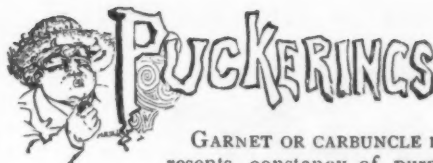
Finds his quarters a little cramped and—



—concludes to sit up for the night.



At last, after many experiments, he finds a comfortable position, and just as he falls into a delicious doze, conductor cries—



GARNET OR CARBUNCLE represents constancy of purpose and fidelity to duty.—*Exchange*. We can vouch for the above, so far as the carbuncle is concerned. We have one now that is unnecessarily constant of purpose and faithful to duty. We never owned a garnet.

THE "BUILT-THAT-WAY" poets have said quite enough,

And the hose should be turned on their lay. They never can catch us with any more guff, Because they ain't built that way.

WE HAVE heard of men being mean enough to pick pennies off dead men's eyes, but for straight out-and-out meanness, we think the *Sun* should be awarded the palm, for trying to deprive poor Jones of his River.

MR. HOWELLS is said to be making studies of life in a newspaper-office, with a view to writing a novel of which journalism shall be the basis. We can give him a pointer. Make the proof-reader the villain.

ONE OF the Concord school of philosophers said that he would not abolish hell if he could. He may feel that way now, but later on a change may come over the spirit of his dream, as it were.

A POET SINGS in the Philadelphia *News*: "Why Cannot I Both Charmers Wed?" We'll tell you why, gentle poet. It is simply because you would be prosecuted for bigamy.

THE GREATEST laughing-stock  
From here to Little Rock  
Or any other diggin's,  
Is weather-foolish Wiggins.

A KENTUCKY NEGRO has been sentenced for life for stealing thirteen dollars. He should have stolen fourteen dollars. Thirteen is an unlucky number.

AS SEEN on the map, Texas may appear a very large State, but it must be remembered that a large amount of territory is needed for grave-yards.

A CORRESPONDENT is of the opinion that Myers would be a good man to run against George.

EVARTS RECENTLY remarked to a clerk: "Mark my words," and the clerk, though industrious and willing, threw up the place.



"Tickets!!"

## ART IN THE NORTHWEST.



THE "Industrial and Art Exposition" at Minneapolis, Minn., is now ready for visitors, or, as they phrase it in the energetic West, is now "running full-blast." It is probably doing more to open up the country than anything else in many years. It is the art portion that tends to open up the country. If the artist will picture a surprised and startled community climbing mountains, crossing rivers and plains, as they wildly radiate into the far horizon, the reader will understand (faintly) the kind of opening up the country I mean.

Of course, the Industrial and Art Exposition is concerned with art, and—unless its grammar deceives—with industrial. In the presence of Mrs. Boffin we will say nothing of industrial. This will give us more time in the congenial field of art.

The Northwest has said: "We ain't proud; we will take hold of this stuff called art, and if it's a good thing, we'll push it. We will now exhaust its capabilities."

The art department of the Minneapolis Exposition is like all other departments, in that it costs an extra ten cents to go in. When you do go in, you go through a hall of antique statuary, where there is an air of classic gloom at a cost of two hundred dollars, and where the usual excited gentleman in marble, but no garments, stands on a horse-block in an attitude as if beckoning a car from the dust of the arena. In this hall, an abstracted young woman, apparently from another world, sits in the middle-ground to sell you a catalogue. To have every thing in noble keeping with the classic surroundings, a glass show-case in one corner is filled

with pictures of Garfield. An attendant brushes the case with purposely offensive activity, and, by holding his nose in the air, seems to say: "When these old busters come into the booming Northwest, we make them open their eyes."

The catalogue, which is perfectly at home among all nations and in all ages, begins right at the door, and takes the statues as they come with consummate ease. No. 3 is a "Statue of the Esquiline Venus; the Esquiline is one of the seven hills on which Rome stood." No. 7? Why, yes; that's our old friend, Apollo Sauroktonos. You will notice that he rests upon one leg. That was a little idea of Polyclethus! And this is Augustus! It is considered a very fine likeness. Augustus boomed literature and the arts. The catalogue further remarks with easy scholarship, that Augustus found Rome of brick and left it of marble. Nero comes in for a terrible lashing. No doubt it is deserved. Nero was considered very wicked, but I question the propriety of raking up old scores against a man when he ventures into a new community. First impressions are strong, and, from reading the catalogue, the impulsive Western people may conceive a prejudice against Nero which years of virtue can not dispel. No. 59, "Fighting Hero. Viardot insists that it is Greek, and represents an athlete, gladiators not being known to that people, but were of Roman origin." This is probably good enough grammar for a "fighting hero," grammar not being known to that people, but was of finical origin.

In the gallery of paintings, J. G. Brown is right on deck, and the wild Westerners in whom the art movement is beginning to be felt, stand before his pictures, and cry in new-born admiration, innocently unconcealed: "I wonder who painted those CUNNING little boys?" Then they turn to the catalogue and exclaim knowingly: "Why, yes, Bowen; no, Brown." I have stood behind these people and cried for very joy. No. 98, "Cow and Calf," both animals spotted up in good shape. No. 4, "Bunch of Grapes." No. 11, two bunches of grapes. No. 9, three bunches of grapes and a peach. No. 106, by a famous Minneapolis artist, "Onions and Still life"—a strong painting. The ingenious combination is apparently the work of a new school of art, of which "Apples and Still Life" is another example. The apples are not green, so that artistic proprieties are not disturbed. "Automedon," No. 306, fourteen feet square, price \$300. This is by a very conscientious artist of East Saginaw, who has put in \$299.99's worth of paint. No. 101, "King Lear in Prison with Cordelia." Splendid example of art accentuating nature. The real Lear in prison was worth about a dollar, while the pictured Lear strongly strikes the critic as worth less than fifty cents, with Cordelia thrown in.

But the exposition is a success.

## NOON-DAY EXERCISE.



PROPRIETOR DOWN-TOWN RESTAURANT (to broker).—I'm delighted to see you back, Mr. Stockandbond. Been taking in the summer-resorts, I s'pose?

BROKER.—Yes.

PROPRIETOR.—Well, what will it be to-day? A bird of some kind with a small bottle Extra Dry?

BROKER.—No. Bring me a corn-beef sandwich.

It fills a long-felt want. As is well known, the bulk of Minnesota's population consists of Scandinavians. That is the thing of it—the Scandinavians are art-mad. There is no people like the Scandinavians for art. Especially if they can bring their lunch along. Then they sit themselves down on a middle bench, gaze at Apollo Belvidere, litter crumbs on the floor, phlegmatically disapprove of Nero, and corroborate their previous good opinion of themselves until the sun's rays, through the stained glass windows, lengthen over the floor, creep up the pedestals and gild and crimson the noble, tired faces now made an uncomprehended show to Goths and Vandals—and then the Goths and Vandals brush the crumbs off their laps with the first intelligent action of the day, and depart to their fastnesses for milking-time.

But, truly, it is not all a casting of pearls before swine. Two cityfuls of people, whose business makes them exiles, return thanks to those generous Eastern artists whose loaned works are, in a beautiful way, like letters from an old home.

WILLISTON FISH.

## A PROPER PRECAUTION.



Young Mr. New is to take his recently purchased seat on the Stock Exchange next week. The Delamater Iron Works are at work on his new Fall suit.

## WILTING DAYS.



THIS is the time, this is the time,  
When apples and pies are  
ripe;  
And we gaze on the flowers  
etched with rime,  
As we pull on the corn-cob pipe.

The summer has fled like a golden  
dream,  
And the wood wears gorgeous  
hues;  
And down in the meadow the  
lilied stream  
Its usual course pursues.

The buckwheat cake will shortly  
bloom,  
And the pop-corn soon will pop;  
And a sort of an ashen chilly gloom  
Will roost in the ice-cream shop.

The campaign orator shoots his mouth  
At the crowd with a vague unrest;  
And the robin flies to the sunny South,  
Where the earthquake builds its nest.



## Tips-Topmost Topics.

WE ARE told of an artesian well in Nebraska that throws forth fish. This may or may not be the biggest fish-story of the season. If it would only emit fish-balls, it would be pleasant for base-ball players out of employment to linger around and catch them on the fly. What the country really needs is a geyser of clam-chowder.

A BROCKVILLE (Canada) citizen, aged ninety-seven years, has never rode in the cars.—*Philadelphia Herald*. The Brockville citizen must know as much about cars as the *Herald* does about grammar.

SOME ONE out West has invented a soda-locomotive. To get the maximum speed out of an engine run in this way, a little brandy, we should think, would be invaluable.

"THE UNKNOWN RIVER" is an account of an etcher's voyage by Philip Gilbert Hamerton. The new edition should have borne the title of "The Jones River."

THE ONLY time that an American runs away from an Englishman is when he is sailing a yacht. America is a great country. Greater than the people.

LIEUTENANT HENN's original family name was Hone. He changed it as soon as he discovered that in a yacht race he wasn't able to hold his Hone.

ARCHIBALD FORBES has written a book called "Kings I Have Met." We have met kings as well as Mr. Forbes; but we did not speak as we passed by.

THE "SCRAPPLE" season in Philadelphia is now begun, and the average citizen's coat already has a greasy look down the front.

WHY DOESN'T Mrs. John Sherman take that bloody shirt for a crazy-quilt? It would be money in the Hon. John's pocket.

THE NEW YORKS are making a heroic struggle for the booby pennant.

THE PEACH crop for 1886 is a small one—what there is left of it.

## LABOR'S FRIEND.

HENRY GEORGE is the friend of Labor. In all his speeches he expresses his sympathy with Labor and the laborer. What the rose is to the nightingale, what brandy is to plain soda, what cabbage is to corned-beef, and the razor is to the African, Henry George is to Labor with a capital L. The Georgics uttered by this lover of toil and toilers are beautiful to hear, and are, no doubt, just so much soothing melody to the hearers. We think the city and the times are ripe for George. We think, as most oracles and long-headed people think, that it is time for him to come.\*

We do not for a moment wish to be considered as throwing cold water on Mr. George or his prospects. We simply wish to say that we don't like his wholesale endorsement of working people. He is too prodigal and lavish in his manner of lading out his musical eulogies. In other words, we don't think Mr. George can

\* Off.

have had any considerable experience with working people. He has probably studied the laborer from a club-window, as the latter passed with his hod and dinner-kettle.

Mr. George, we respect you from your boot-soles to your high hat, and we want to ask you a few questions:

Did you ever send your clothes to a Chinese laundry to be washed, and get them back with the button-holes as large as Lima beans, the buttons hammered into a shapeless pulp, and your swell silk underclothing and socks replaced by the cotton ones of Fergus Moriarty?

Did you ever employ a nurse to take care of the baby, and have her pour opium in it until it could outsleep De Lesseps or any policeman on the top of the earth?

Did you ever leave your only pair of shoes at the cobbler's to be mended, and tell him you would have to lie in bed until they were fixed, and have him go off on a two weeks' spree, and the sheriff seize the house and chattels, and sell the bed at auction, with you under the quilts?

Did you ever employ a cook guaranteed by herself to be all that was desirable, and have her to do nothing but drink your wine on the sly, break the costliest and unmatched dishes, give you impudence, and suddenly leave you on the arrival of company, or at some other time when she was most needed?

Did you ever employ a man to weather-strip your house in October, and not have him arrive until the winter was half over?

Did you ever have the man come to fix the leak in your roof just after the storm, while you were bailing out the beds?

We don't want to weigh you down with questions, Mr. George, because we are not a small boy, but as you say you are a friend of Labor, we only wish to ask you to be more consistent. Don't confine yourself to the bricklayer and stevedore. Try some of the other sons of horny-handed toil.

Step up behind the mule that hauls a canal-boat full of coal for his board and no salary, slap him on the flank and say: "I'm your brother," and in two seconds there wouldn't be enough of you left for Tom Thumb to vote for.

Step up to the ancient hornets, whose gray is the color of cigar-ashes, and murmur: "Lo, I am one of you," and before the words were dead and cold, you would have such a series of lumps on your neck that your greatest need would be a ton of soap and brown sugar, and a box of No. 20 or 30 collars.

We respect Mr. George—as we said before—but can not agree with him in all he says, or endorse all his views. He is a friend of Labor. We are Not.

We hate Labor.

Give us a good easy sofa and money enough to live on without working, and we will never be a friend of Labor so long as there is such a thing extant as loafing.

## WOULDN'T TALK SHOP.



MOTHER.—And do you think the good Lord will look out for my son, while he is on the vasty deep?

PARSON.—Pardon me, Mrs. Harper, I never talk shop outside of the church.

"DON'T CUT THE CUSHIONS," is a sign displayed in some of the Philadelphia street-cars. The rule is obeyed implicitly, even to the extent of evincing close friendship for them when a lady enters the full car.

A REPORT HAS IT that a well-known "society lady" appears in full evening dress, with an ivy-leaf wreath on her head. It seems to us as if Eve did something of this kind, too.

A NEW BOOK just published is entitled "What Shall We Kill To-day?" This is almost too easy to be worth tackling. Kill the author to-day, and kill him early in the morning.

## EVERY-DAY HYPOCRISY;

OR,

## WHAT WE SAY AND WHAT WE MEAN.

No. IV.



WHAT THE ART CRITIC SAYS.—Do I like it? Why, dear boy, it's simply stunning! There's genius in every square inch of it!

WHAT HE MEANS.—Well, it's a mystery to me how a man can paint as badly as that, and still live! I suppose I've got to flatter him now, but just wait till I get at him when the exhibition opens, that's all!



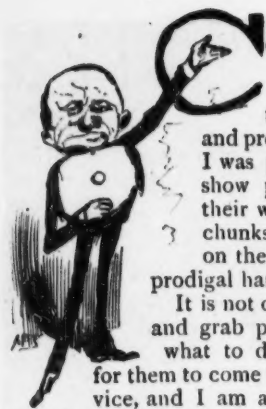
**HARD TIMES FOR THE POLITICAL W**  
Waiting for the Collapse of the Administration, the Disposition of t





C.J. Taylor.

POLITICAL WIGGINS AND HIS DISCIPLES.  
ation, the Destruction of the National Prosperity and the End of the World.



## CONFIDENTIAL.

It is not very often that I feel so large and proud as to imagine that I was put on this earth to show people the error of their way, and lavish large chunks of golden advice upon them with an ever-ready prodigal hand.

It is not often that I rush forth and grab people, and tell them what to do. I generally wait for them to come to me and ask for advice, and I am always happiest when they drop in about luncheon time, and ask me to tell them what to do over a pork tenderloin.

Therefore, Mr. Smith, I will assume that you want to get rich, and I'll tell you how to do it. As a general thing only old bald-headed men who have failed themselves know just what a young man should do to become wealthy.

Therefore, Mr. Smith, get thee to New Jersey, and buy the cheapest kind of house you can find. Then lease it to some family, and make the head of that family sign a lease for a year.

Then your riches will begin.

In winter the house will be like a barn, and the lessee will have to weather-strip it, or freeze to death. He will weather-strip, for you must refuse to do anything. Then he will have to put down hard floors to keep the draft from coming up out of the cellar, and freezing the fire stiff in the grate. Then you will have hard floors put into your house for you. Nothing that is put in can be taken away but the furniture.

If your tenant wants the walls papered, let him paper them himself, and if the boiler bursts in the kitchen, tell him to haul his water from the well and boil it on top of the stove. Make it a point to have the well as far from the house as possible, and he will put in a new boiler for you.

When the paint begins to crack on the house, you must say that it was only painted last year, and that you would rather cancel the lease than go to the expense of having it painted.

If the roof leaks, you must blame it on the tenant. Tell him he has not been careful with it, and let the rain pour in and wash him out of bed at night. Then you will get a new roof on your house at the tenant's expense.

He will only stay one year; but your house will be worth a great deal more, and will rent more easily on account of the improvements.

Then secure another victim, who will have to do many things that his predecessor did not.

When he is sick of the place, you will have no trouble in securing a third victim, and so on ad nauseum, ad libitum, ad everything elseum, until your house, that was originally little better than a barn, assumes the dignity and beauty of a Queen Anne cottage.

When it reaches this stage of devel-

opment, move in yourself, and settle down in the cosy house made at the expense of others. It will then be good enough for you, and you can secure another hovel, and work it up on the same plan.

It can be done, for the men who do this thing in the suburbs are outnumbered only by the mosquitos, bull-frogs and other natural nuisances of the neighborhood.

THE CHICAGO Anarchists are to be represented in wax at the Eden Musée. Hang, draw and quarter them, if you will, gentlemen, but don't torture them like this!

THE KEELY MOTOR is coming to a head. Wonderful strides have been made in art, science, and the world's industries, during the past decade, and now Lillian Conway is presenting the "Grand Duchess" and "Fatinitza." This is, indeed, a world of progress.

THE DETROIT CLUB has bought a new pitcher in Jersey. When filled with apple-jack, Jersey pitchers have been known to play great games.

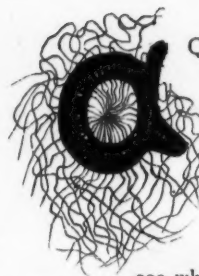
## THE ANTIQUE FURNITURE INDUSTRY.



FARMER BASSWOOD.—Excuse us for crying, stranger; it's mighty hard to part with them 'ere ole heirlooms; but times is hard, stranger, an' we need the money powerful bad!



FARMER BASSWOOD (in the city, two days later).—Send me down another clock, a spinning-wheel, and two o' them chairs, quick as ye can. That last lot you sold me went off like hot cakes!



## QUININE TRAGEDY.

Recently a man went forth to a rural drug-store, and purchased fifty two-grain quinine pills, and took them home for his malaria.

He thought he would try to crack one, just to see what it looked like inside.

So he tried to crush one between his teeth. Instead, he crushed his teeth, which proves that quinine is bad for the ivories. Then he put it on the hearthstone and set his heel against it, and let all his weight down. It didn't stop till it reached the floor, because the pill shot out from under him like a spool, and he shot off it as from a cake of soap.

In order to get over the effects of one two-grain quinine pill, he was obliged to send out to the drug-store for a couple of ounces of arnica. He had heard that quinine pills were sold cheap, as an advertisement, and he concluded they did bring a good trade to the apothecary when he sent out for a bottle of

\*—a little while later.

He concluded he would utilize the quinine pills as duck-shot, so he filled both barrels of his gun, to be all ready when he went forth in the morning.

That night, he heard a noise in the yard, and, peering out, saw a man standing under a tree, surveying the premises.

He was not a regularly ordained surveyor, but a burglar deciding which window he should try.

The old man thought it would be a good time to try the gun, to see how it would scatter.

So he tried it, only to discover that it couldn't begin to scatter with the burglar.

He attempted to scatter, but was scattered all around.

A surgeon was summoned, who probed for the pills, but secured only a few.

The burglar, who had never before been sick, died a few days later, of malaria, supposed to have been brought on by the quinine pills. R. K. M.

IN NAMING a brand of Tennessee cigars after the gubernatorial Taylor brothers, why did it not occur to the manufacturer that it is a mighty poor cigar which has to learn to play the fiddle before it will draw?

WHEN TOM OCHILTREE'S head appeared in an upper window of the Carlton Club, during the recent fire, another chief came near being decapitated for sending in the double-sixes.

WHEN THE rumble of the explosion at Bayside reached the ears of a Westchester lady, she exclaimed: "John's been tryin' ter pass that bad quarter again, down ter Purdy's. He hit the road hard, that time."

\*Name of medicine left out because it doesn't advertise in PUCK.



PUCK.

# SMOKE DUKE'S CAMEO CIGARETTES.

WORTH PRAISED IN POETRY.

THE SENTIMENT EXPRESSED IN A WELL-KNOWN LINE  
EXPOUNDED.

*A Poetical Contest Which Has Made Three Writers Happy, as Well as Richer by  
Sums of \$100, \$50 and \$25—Sentiments of Favoritism Expressed in  
Verse by People Who Appreciate a Good Thing.*

Prominent among the comparatively new things that have commended themselves at once by their intrinsic merit to popular favor are Duke's Cameo Cigarettes. In the household, in the hotel, in the theatre-lobby, in the park and in the depot, upon the street and in the railroad train, they have made their way, commanding approval by their worth, and continued use by their uniform excellence. There are few things that minister more directly and powerfully to the intellectual nature than tobacco. It has been the constant companion of philosophers for centuries, and poets, even as great as Lord Byron, have sung of its merits.

The encomiums that have been called forth by the Cameo Cigarettes, very naturally suggested to the manufacturers the expediency of securing a poetic expression of their merits, and in furtherance of the idea, they advertised through the columns of the *World*, during the latter part of August, for poems on the subject. Prizes of \$100, \$50 and \$25 were offered for the three best poems that were furnished in response to the call, and the editor of the *World* was appointed the arbiter of merit in the matter. It was also announced in the same connection, that the poem which should be deemed worthy of the first prize would be published in the *World* of Sunday, October 3d.

In answer to the advertisement a number of writers responded, and, after careful consideration, it is decided that the poem entitled to the first prize of \$100 was one written by Mrs. Annie Robertson Noxon, of No. 21 West Ninth Street. Here is the poem:

## DUKE'S CAMEO CIGARETTES.

I like them in the morning,  
I pine for them at night;  
No matter when I smoke them  
They always seem just right.

No man has ever better earned  
His fame with high and low  
Than Duke, who makes these cigarettes,  
Our Peerless Cameo.

At every point excelling—  
Of best selected leaf;  
Of all the cigarettes now known  
Duke's Cameo is chief!

Made in North Carolina,  
Tobacco's native field;  
For excellence o'er all, the palm  
To Cameo we yield.

The maker has perfected  
This gem as he grew older;  
By putting in each sliding box  
For each a perfect holder.

Long live the King of Cigarettes!  
Such bliss he made us know;  
Long may we keep our luxury,  
Duke's Faultless Cameo.

The second and third prizes were awarded respectively to poems written by John W. Kenny, of West Troy, N. Y., and Mrs. A. Henderson, of Worcester, Mass. The second prize poem will be published in the *World* of next Sunday, October 10th, and the third prize poem in the *World* of Sunday, October 17th.—*N. Y. World*.

PROOF POSITIVE

OF

THEIR

Growing Popularity.

## SALES OF OUR CIGARETTES IN

Sept., 1883, - - -	4,230,000
" 1884, - - -	11,102,260
" 1885, - - -	17,447,660
" 1886, - - -	30,944,540

No Manufacturer in the World  
CAN SHOW SUCH RAPID STRIDES.

Would the intelligent people of  
this Nineteenth Century consume  
this immense quantity if they were  
not the best?

## REASONS WHY?

BECAUSE our factory being located among the planters growing the finest tobacco in the world enables us to give our patrons the pick of the crop, and makes the Cameo the finest and purest cigarette ever made.  
BECAUSE we have, at enormous expense, supplied each Cameo Cigarette with a neat, clean, enameled holder, which prevents stains on lips or fingers, burning of moustache, or nicotine poisoning.  
BECAUSE Cameo Cigarettes with patent holders are genteel, and gentility is a sure sign of cultivation.  
BECAUSE Cameo Cigarettes with little holders are economical, every particle of the tobacco can be enjoyed.  
BECAUSE with all these advantages and improvements, Cameo Cigarettes can be bought for the same price as the old-fashioned inferior brands.

Packs of 10, and 10 holders, - - 5 cents.

" 20, and 20 " - - 10 "

BECAUSE smokers are men of cultivated tastes and KNOW the Cameo Cigarette is par excellence " by a large majority."

## TO THE PUBLIC.

These are a few of the prominent reasons why DUKE'S CAMEO CIGARETTES have met with such an unprecedented demand. They are such decided advantages over the old-fashioned cigarettes that the CAMEO as a matter of fact has no competitors. We have thus far kept our pledge to give you the most and best at the lowest price, and your generous patronage prompts us to renew it. The finest material, best workmanship and lowest prices shall be yours so long as you smoke CAMEO Cigarettes.

**W. DUKE, SONS & CO.,**  
NEW YORK OFFICE,  
No. 6 RIVINGTON STREET.  
DURHAM, N. C.

(OVER.)

What fools these mortals be  
 Who don't smoke  
 DUKE'S CAMEO CIGARETTES!

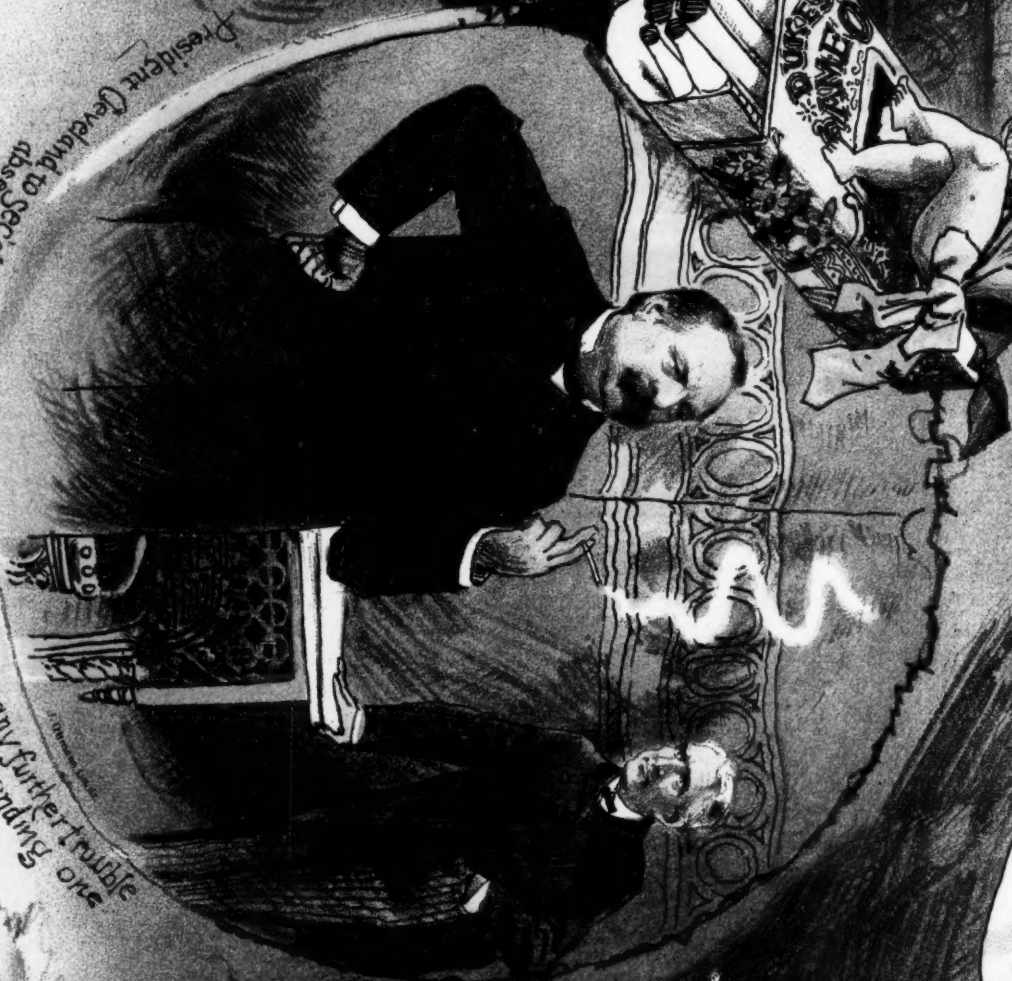
The  
 Cameo Cigarette  
 for the  
 Every Time

DUKE'S CAMEO CIGARETTES  
 WITH LITTLE HOLDERS

"I am wiser and I'm older,  
 And I've burned my upper lip,  
 For I smoked without a holder—  
 (Duke could give this man a tip)"

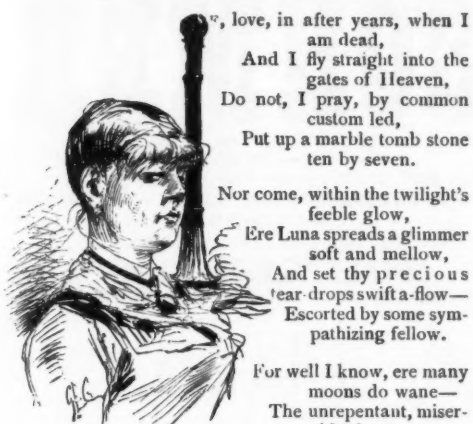
President Cleveland to Sec. of State  
 absent-mindedly  
 Mr. Secretary, if we have any further trouble  
 With MEXICO, compromise  
 (Thousand (1,000) of  
 Sending one

ABSNUTS





## IF, LOVE, IN AFTER YEARS.



"O, love, in after years, when I  
am dead,  
And I fly straight into the  
gates of Heaven,  
Do not, I pray, by common  
custom led,  
Put up a marble tomb stone  
ten by seven.  
Nor come, within the twilight's  
feeble glow,  
Ere Luna spreads a glimmer  
soft and mellow,  
And set thy precious  
tear-drops swift a-flow—  
Escorted by some sym-  
pathizing fellow.  
For well I know, ere many  
moons do wane—  
The unrepentant, miser-  
able sinner—  
Thou'lt walk with him, arms linked, adown the lane,  
And have him home three times a week to dinner.  
But love, my love, I sing no plaintive song—  
When I am gone—nor list my words with laughter—  
I know full well 'twill not be very long  
'Till he'll be glad to follow quickly after.  
NATHAN M. LEVY.

## THE BENEFITS OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

THE following conversation took place between Miss Pompon and young Mr. Eyeglass, at an evening party recently:

HE.—Ah, good evening, Miss Pompon.  
SHE.—Oh, Mr. Eyeglass, how d'ye do? I did not know you had returned.  
HE.—Ya'as, we got in last week.  
SHE.—How long were you over?  
HE.—Only six weeks.  
SHE.—We were away three months.  
HE.—Ya'as. Went everywhere, I suppose?  
SHE.—Oh, yes; I fancy so.  
HE.—I took in the cities, skipped the small places, y'know.  
SHE.—Wasn't Paris lovely?  
HE.—Not bad at all.  
SHE.—I liked Switzerland, too.  
HE.—I didn't like Switzerland as well as I did Paris.  
SHE.—But they are so different.  
HE.—Ya'as, they *are* different.  
SHE.—Did you go up the Rigi?  
HE.—Oh, ya'as.  
SHE.—Wasn't it splendid?  
HE.—Too cold.  
SHE.—Yes, it *was* cold.  
HE.—Italy was rather nice.  
SHE.—Oh, lovely.  
HE.—Were you at Naples?  
SHE.—Yes; we bought the loveliest bits of coral there.  
HE.—So did I. I got a head for my stick in coral.  
SHE.—Oh, it must be lovely.  
HE.—Quite pretty, indeed; but the fellows all laugh at it.  
SHE.—That's too bad. You liked London, of course?  
HE.—Pretty well. Beastly weather, while I was there, though.  
SHE.—Oh, it was lovely during our stay. Where did you stop?  
HE.—At the Langham.  
SHE.—So did we. I think the English hotels are splendid.  
HE.—Very fair.  
SHE.—But how funny that ladies can't walk out unattended.  
HE.—It does seem odd.  
SHE.—I dared not walk a square without my maid.  
HE.—Oh, of course not.  
SHE.—Did you do the German cities at all?  
HE.—A few. Awful slow, I thought.

SHE.—Berlin was quite pleasant.  
HE.—Ya'as, rather jolly.  
SHE.—Were you at Antwerp?  
HE.—No; I didn't touch there.  
SHE.—You didn't miss much. The cathedral and the paintings, that's all.  
HE.—Let's see—who was it painted them?  
SHE.—Why—h-m—it's too funny I can't think, and we saw them all, too.  
HE.—Wasn't it—er—Rubens?  
SHE.—Of course, yes. How stupid of me!  
HE.—Not at all.  
SHE.—I ought to remember, for one of the prettiest hats I ever had was a Rubens.  
HE.—Ya'as, I know; quite effective, too.  
SHE.—Were you in Venice?  
HE.—Ya'as.  
SHE.—How did you like it?  
HE.—Damp.  
SHE.—Yes; but it was great fun, I thought, going about on the water.  
HE.—Oh, that wasn't so bad.  
SHE.—You liked Rome, of course?  
HE.—Oh, ya'as.  
SHE.—I did; and do you know, papa said he got the best cup of coffee in Rome, that he drank while he was away?  
HE.—You don't say so!  
SHE.—It's quite true.  
HE.—I didn't get much I liked to eat abroad, anyway.  
SHE.—Well, that is really so. I think there's nothing like our own Delmonico.  
HE.—No, indeed.  
SHE.—The menu on board ship is about the best one gets.  
HE.—So I think.  
SHE.—I was awfully hungry all the time I was on the ocean.  
HE.—I wasn't.  
SHE.—What was your ship?  
HE.—*Britannic*, over and back.  
SHE.—We went and came on a Cunarder.  
HE.—I prefer the White Star Line, I think.  
SHE.—Do you? Papa likes the Cunard. Oh, there comes my partner.  
HE.—I must resign, then. So glad to talk Europe over with you.  
SHE.—Yes, I have quite enjoyed it, I assure you.  
HE.—Oh, thanks awfully.  
SHE.—I have indeed. Good night, Mr. Eyeglass.  
HE.—Good night, Miss Pompon.

A FREE FIGHT occurred in the vestry of one of our churches the other night. A copy of Burton's edition of the "Arabian Nights" got into the Sunday-school library, and each of the four deacons wanted to take it home first.

Now is the time to look over last season's sealskin - sacque jokes, and brush the moths off them.

WIGGINS SHOULD be called the weatherwise-acre.

## PUCK'S VIEWS AND REVIEWS

And now comes from Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, "The Little Master," by J. T. Trowbridge, a story that will please every small boy that is lucky enough to secure a copy. "Simplicity and Fascination," a novel by Anne Beale, covering four hundred and ninety-nine pages. She ought to have made it an even five hundred. "The Book of Eloquence; from the Most Famous Orators and Poets," edited by Charles Dudley Warner, whose taste is above criticism, and who is never so much at home as when spending a summer in a garden. "Tweed's Grammar for Common Schools," and "The Child's Book of Health." There is no use of criticising the grammar, it is simply grammatical, as it should be, nothing more. "The Child's Book of Health" tells how to eat green apples without getting Peritonitis & Co.

"Zitka; or, the Trials of Raissa," by Henry Greville, T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, is altogether too lively a story for such a quiet city to put forth. It is about as Russian as anything we have seen lately. It is an intense love-story, and the scene in which the Russian lover spends his salary in treating his enslaver to candles in the wayside candle-saloon, on musical summer nights, is pathetic. Price, Seventy-five cents.

We have received from Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, PICKINGS FROM PUCK, Third Crop. It is a neatly gotten-up volume, and most delightful reading. It is replete with gems of poesy culled from rosiest bowers, and pictures that can not fail to produce the desired effect—which is joy for the readers, and a harvest of gold for the publishers. Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann should also furnish a bottle of chloroform-liniment to restore the laughter-sore sides of the reader to their usual normal condition. Price, Twenty-five cents. Mailed to any address on receipt of Thirty cents.

Messrs. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, have lately published "Joe Wayring at Home," by Harry Castlemon. It treats of adventures with rod, gun and canoe, and the American who won't throw down his toy-pistol to read it is no boy at all. The boy who couldn't enjoy this book would fall asleep at a base ball match, a circus, or a minstrel-show.



TOO EVIDENT.

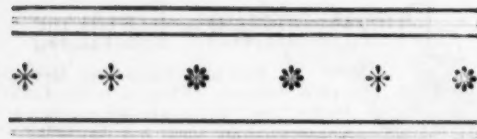
MISTRESS.—Maggie, bring me a little Sapolio and clean off this spot on the wall.

MAGGIE.—Yes'm. (Aside.) I know what brought it there—that curly-headed beau of hers.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK  
THIRD CROP.

Twenty-five Cents. Mailed to any address on receipt of Thirty Cents.

CROPS I, II., and III. to One Address, 75 Cents.



A teaspoonful of

Fred: ✧

✧ Brown's ✧

✧ Ginger,

with hot water and sugar (if  
it suits taste.)

Satisfies Thirst,  
Sustains Strength,  
Aids Digestion, and  
at night, by causing  
a healthy action  
of the Skin, induces  
Sleep. \* Try it.

**FRED: BROWN'S GINGER.**

### PHILADELPHIA.



"HOME EXERCISER" for Brain Workers and  
Sedentary People. Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the  
Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up  
but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific,  
durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Home  
School" for Physical Culture."

113 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof.  
D. L. Down, Wm. Blake, author of "How  
to Get Strong," says of it: "I never saw any  
other I liked half as well."

ESTABLISHED 1818.  
Nine Gold and First-Class Medals.  
PURVEYOR BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS TO THE  
ROYAL DANISH COURT, IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT,  
AND THE PRINCE OF WALES.  
**PETER F. HEERING'S**  
**COPENHAGEN CHERRY CORDIAL.**  
(KIRSEBAER LIQUEUR.)  
INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.  
FOR SALE BY WINE MERCHANTS AND GROCERS  
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.  
**LUYTIES BROTHERS,**  
GENERAL AGENTS.  
No. 573 Broadway, NEW YORK. No. 1 Wall Street, New York.

### THE ORIGINAL DRAFT OF AN ANCIENT CHESTNUT.

Oh, Mary had a little lamb, regarding whose cuticular,  
The fluff exterior was white and kinked in each particular.  
On each occasion when the lass was seen perambulating,  
This little quadruped likewise was there a-gallivating.

One day it did accompany her to the knowledge dis-  
pensary,  
Which to every rule and precedent was recklessly contrary.  
Immediately whereupon the pedagogue superior  
Exasperated did eject the lamb from the interior.

Then Mary, on beholding such performance arbitrary,  
Suffused her eyes with saline drops from glands called  
lachrymatory,  
And all the pupils grew thereat tumultuously hilarious,  
And speculated on the case with wild conjectures various.

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?" the scholars  
asked the teacher.

He paused a moment, then he tried to diagnose the  
creature,

"Oh pecus amorem Mary habet omnia temporum."

"Thanks, teacher, dear," the scholars cried, and awe  
crept darkly o'er 'em.

—Tid-Bits.

SHE.—What is progressive euchre, John?

HE.—I'm sure I don't know. The thing  
I'm most interested in just now is progressive  
courtship.

SHE.—Oh, what is that?

HE.—Well, for a little while after he begins  
to pay his addresses to her, he simply shakes  
hands with her when they are parting at night,  
as I have been doing for the past two months.  
Then he becomes a little bolder, and some  
night, as he is leaving her, he puts his arm  
around her waist, like this, and kisses her, as I  
do now. There.

SHE (blushing).—And next thing, I suppose,  
he proposes.—*Boston Courier.*

MAN is a foolish sort of animal, anyhow. He  
never knows what he wants. Here are the  
prisoners in a Virginia penitentiary. They have  
been wanting to get out for years, pining and  
sighing, and probably praying to get out. And  
when the earthquake came along and threatened  
to let them out, they howled with fright, and  
prayed and hoped that the walls of their prison  
might stand firm. You can't please some men,  
no matter what you do.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

### Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Incomparable in Sick Headache.

Dr. FRED. HORNER, Jr., Salem, Va., says: "To re-  
lieve the indigestion and so-called sick headache, and  
mental depression incident to certain stages of rheuma-  
tism, it is incomparable."



*Glittering Gold Quartz*  
Just as taken from the Mines in the  
Rocky Mountains, made into beautiful Scarf-  
pins. To quickly introduce, price only 33c., post paid.  
Address, H. H. TAMMEN, 322 E. 16 St., DENVER, COLO.  
Send Stamp for large illustrated catalogue of Mineral Cab-  
inets, Agate Novelties, Indian Relics, etc. Trade Supplied.

## THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR  
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

### WAREROOMS:

149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.

**SOHMER & CO.**

CHICAGO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.

Arnold,  
Constable & Co.

### ELEGANT

### NOVELTY DRESS MATERIALS.

EXCLUSIVE AND ATTRAC-  
TIVE STYLES in Plush, Wool  
and Beaded Fabrics in mixed ef-  
fects, with plain solid colors for  
combination. Also, a large va-  
riety of choice medium grade  
goods in plain and fancy weaves,  
Scotch Linsey Skirtings, etc.

738

Broadway & 19th St.  
New York.

### C. C. SHAYNE,

Manufacturing Furrier,

103 PRINCE ST., N. Y.,

Will retail fashionable Furs and  
Seal-Skin Garments, at lowest  
cash wholesale prices this season.  
This will afford a splendid op-  
portunity for ladies to purchase  
reliable furs direct from the  
Manufacturer at lowest possible  
prices. Fashion book mailed free.



## THE BEST HAIR DRESSING COCOAIN

It kills Dandruff, promotes the  
Growth of the Hair, cures Scald Head  
and all Irritation of the Scalp.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts  
consists in their perfect purity & great strength.

Cocaine is not put up  
in five sizes. 50¢ & 1.00

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts  
is unparalleled.



## Lactated Food

The Physician's Favorite  
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

**LEADING PHYSICIANS**  
of all Schools, and sections voluntarily  
testify to its superior merit as

The Most NOURISHING, the Most PALATABLE  
the Most ECONOMICAL, of all Prepared Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.00.  
A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and  
Invalids," sent free on application. 616

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

## THE LATEST NOVELTY.

Handsome, Durable and Easily Adjusted (no  
Harness). Made to fit all Round, Square or Slop-  
ing Shoulders. The silk lacing avoids all straining  
of the shoulders or trousseurs. The most com-  
fortable suspenders ever introduced. Carpen-  
ter's Automatic Lace Hook & B are, for sale by  
all first class dealers in Men's Furnishing  
Goods. Patented in England, France, Canada  
and the United States.

C. C. Carpenter, Patentee & Maker.

557 & 559 Broadway, N. Y.



## "CLUB" BICYCLES AND TRICYCLES.



PRACTICAL ROAD  
MACHINES.  
SOLD ON INSTALMENTS  
IF DESIRED.  
THE COVENTRY MACHINISTS CO  
239 COLUMBUS AVE. BOSTON, MASS.



## DENTAL OFFICE OF

Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess  
NO. 162 WEST 23D STREET, bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1873.

## BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure  
Cocoa, from which the excess of  
Oil has been removed. It has three  
times the strength of Cocoa mixed  
with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar,  
and is therefore far more economi-  
cal, costing less than one cent a  
cup. It is delicious, nourishing,  
strengthening, easily digested, and  
admirably adapted for invalids as  
well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



## FOOD

The only perfect substitute for Mother's  
milk. Invaluable in Cholera Infantum  
and Teething. A pre-digested food for Dys-  
pepsia, Consumptives, Convalescents.  
Perfect nutrient in all Wasting Diseases.  
Requires no cooking. Our Book, The Care  
and Feeding of Infants, mailed free.  
DOLBER, GOODALE & CO., Boston, Mass.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.,



THE MOST

Extensive Manufacturers of Billiard Tables in the World.

BAR, SALOON and OFFICE FIXTURES,  
BEER COOLERS, etc., etc.

**NEW AND ARTISTIC DESIGNS.**

READY FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY.

OFFICE AND FACTORY:

FOOT OF 8th STREET, EAST RIVER.

SALESROOM:

Broadway, Cor. 17th St., Union Square, New York.

THERE are some foolish, shallow, bigoted people in this Republic who think that seven thousand dollars a year is too much to pay a United States Senator. And yet a United States Senator has just invented a new cocktail. Do the American people expect to get statesmanship for nothing? —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A CORRESPONDENT says: "Charleston will soon look itself again." If it looked anything like the daily newspapers pictured it in their illustrations, we should think it would prefer to look like almost anything else than itself. —*Norristown Herald.*

"How does this natural gas come?" he asked of the bald-headed man in the seat in front of him.

"It collects in cavities in the earth," was the reply.

"How long will it last?"

"Until the supply in the pocket or cavity is used up. Then all pressure will cease."

"And the well won't be good for nothin'?"

"That's about it."

"Thanks. A naybur o'

mine has got a gas-well,

and has ordered plug hats,

silk dresses and Waterbury

watches by the dozen, and

he's so stuck up that he

won't even borrow my hoe

any more. I'm going to

wait for that cavity to

pump out and his well to

peter, and then my hull fan'll

will sit on the

fence and grin as he goes by." —*Wall Street*

*News.*

## THE CROW.

"He niver plants, but he always rapes,  
A careful watch from the tree he kapes;  
He 's at work in th' field whin th' farmer slapes.

"Whin th' blush o' spring is on th' corn,  
An' th' grane blades wave in the breezy morn,  
He laughs th' scarecrow there t' scorn.

"He says, whin th' farmer crosses the lot:  
'While I 'm full o' corn, I 'm not full o' shot;  
An' devil 's th' hair o' ye but I 'll spot.'

"Like a polished stone shines his jacket nate;  
He flaps in the air, and he's light on his fate;  
Wid his head full o' fun an' his skin full o' mate.

"He can't sail like th' hawk up ag'in' th' blue sky,  
But, then, be me sowl, he's exceedingly fly,  
Fur he 'll steal yer tay-spoons while ye're winkin' yer eye.

"He can't coo as soft as th' brown turtle dove,  
His v'ice wasn't med t' be singin' o' love;  
But ye 'll hear him caw as he 's flyin' above."

—*Amos J. Cummings, in Unknown Ex.*

It is stated that funerals cost three times as much as they did forty years ago. Herein is seen new proof of the unwisdom of procrastination. Think, improvident reader, how much you might have saved had you mortalled off your cuffed shoil forty years ago! —*Boston Transcript.*

**Blair's Pills.**—Great English Go-it and Rheumatic Remedy  
Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists. 713

The most efficacious stimulants to excite the appetite are **An-  
gostura Bitters**, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Sievert & Sons.  
Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genu-  
ine article.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK.—THIRD CROP.

Price, Twenty-Five Cents. For Sale Everywhere.

## PEARS'SOAP

A LUXURY  
FOR  
SHAVING.



12 MONTHS OF COMFORT FOR 12 PENCE

PEARS' TRANSPARENT SHAVING STICK.

100 years established as the cleanest and best preparation for SHAVING. It  
makes a profuse, Creamy, and Fragrant Lather, which leaves the Skin smooth, clean, cool  
and comfortable.

SOAP & CASE 1/-



TYPE SETTING, etc.  
easy. Printed directions.  
For business, home use, or  
money making. For old or  
young. Send 2 stamps for  
Catalogue of Process, Type,  
Paper, Cards, etc., to the  
factory.  
**KELSEY & CO.** 330  
Meriden, Conn.

## CANDY

Address

Send one, two, three or five dollars  
for a retail box, by express, of the best  
Candies in the World, put up in hand-  
some boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable  
for presents. Try it once.

**C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**  
78 Madison St., Chicago.

## MAGIC LANTERNS

And STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating  
every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc. 730  
A profitable business for a man with a small capital. Also,  
Lanterns for Home Amusement. 148 page Catalogue free.  
**McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N.Y.**

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL  
And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that  
can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time  
by delicate stomachs.

AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION,  
SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANAEMIA, GEN-  
ERAL DEBILITY, COUGHS AND THROAT AF-  
FECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF  
CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.

Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians  
in the countries of the world. 733  
**FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.**



## Cuticura

A  
POSITIVE CURE  
for every form of  
SKIN and BLOOD  
DISEASE  
FROM  
PIMPLES TO SCORFULA.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure.

ECZEMA, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scall Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."



KIDNEY PAINS, Strains and Weakness instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. New, elegant, infallible.

**EDEN MUSEE.** 55 West 23rd Street.  
Reengagement of the  
HUNGARIAN GYPSY BAND. Daily two Grand Concerts. Admission, 50 cents. Sunday admission, 25 cents.

## COLT REPEATING RIFLE

Just Half the  
Factory Price! \$12.50  
Best Repeating Rifle in  
the World. 44-Caliber.  
M.P.'S CHAMPION  
Guns, Am. Bull-Dog, Defender Revolvers, Bean's Patent Police  
Guns, &c. Send 6 cents for Illustrated 64-Page Catalogue.  
JOHN F. LOVELL'S SONS, Boston, Mass. Established 1840.

## TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

NEW YORK & CHICAGO. 726  
Address for Agency, R. W. TANSILL, & CO., Chicago.

## ANGOSTURA



## BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops imparts delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.  
51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

## SICK HEADACHE



Is a very distressing disease, often inherited. Sometimes ends in INSANITY, PARALYSIS or BRAIN SOFTENING. It is a nervous disease per se and can be cured by using regularly

## DR. BUCKLAND'S SCOTCH OATS ESSENCE

Sleeplessness, Nervous Dyspepsia,  
Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia,  
Opium Habit, Headache,  
Drunkenness, Ovarian Neuralgia,  
Hysteria, Nervous Exhaustion,  
Neuralgia, Epilepsy,  
Sick Headache, St. Vitus's Dance,  
Sciatica, Neurasthenia, &c.

This is in no sense a PATENT MEDICINE. Contains no Opium or Chloral. It is a Nerve and Brain Food Tonic, and is the best Natural Tonic and Restorative known. Illustrated Treatise on Nervous Diseases, Exhaustion, Opium Habit, &c. sent FREE to any address. \$1.00 per Bottle.  
Your Druggist keeps it. Fresh.

SCOTCH OATS ESSENCE CO., 174 Fulton St., N. Y.

THE latest fashionable freak in floriculture is the cultivation of the Scotch thistle. A Newport florist has a parterre of this picturesque plant which is greatly admired.

The other day a New York dude at Newport took a Boston dude to see this parterre of thistles, and the two stood for a while in an attitude of genuine admiration. Finally the Boston dude said:

"Aw, there's something so cheerful and—aw—fwagwag about these thistles; something—aw—qwite appetizing about them, don't you know?"

"Weally, so there is," said the New York dude: "and, bah Jove, how cleverly you expwess it!"—*Boston Record*.

LIZZIE.—How did you like the new play?

JENNIE.—It was perfectly elegant, the music was elegant, and the whole affair was just too elegant for anything.

LIZZIE.—I thought it would be elegant. How I would love to see it.

JENNIE.—Oh, do go; you never saw anything so elegant in your life.—*Newark Call*.

"It's got to come!" said the solemn man, solemnly straining away at the handle of a door.

"What has got to come?" excitedly asked a dozen bystanders, rushing up.

"Christmas!" said the solemn man, solemnly, letting go the door handle. And the bystanders rushed down again.—*Somerville Journal*.

SOME of the young ladies sojourning at Bar Harbor this summer organized themselves into a "dream club." This is a good suggestion for the name of a policemen's association with a similar object.—*Lowell Citizen*.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK has tamed a wasp so that he strokes his back, and allows it to sit down on his hand. One of these days it will sit down hard, and Sir John will wish that he had spent his time in some more useful sort of employment.—*Burlington Free Press*.

A CORRESPONDENT says that Geronimo and his braves played cards all day Sunday. They are evidently acquiring a knowledge of modern military science very rapidly.—*Chicago Times*.

### An Awful Doom

of any nature is usually avoided by those who have foresight. Those who read this who have foresight will lose no time in writing to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, to learn about work which they can do at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards per day and live at home, wherever they are located. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Both sexes. All ages. Particulars free. A great reward awaits every worker.

### A TEASPOONFUL OF



in a little  
milk, or Sugar & Water,  
will cure  
**Immediately!**



Any attack of Cramps  
in the Stomach, or  
Any Bowel  
Complaint!

For Sale everywhere by Druggists.

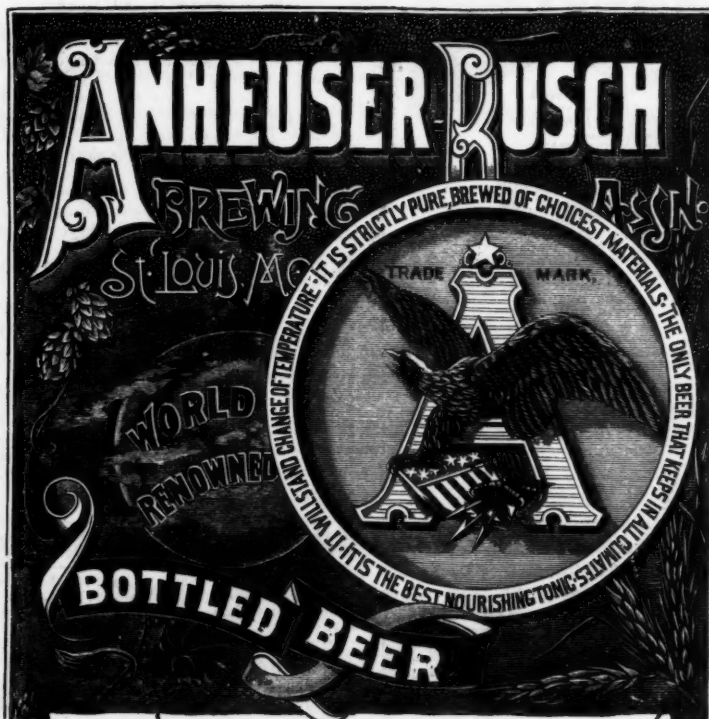
## CURE FOR THE DEAF

FEK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS. Perfectly Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, FREE. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.

## A PRIZE.

Send 6c. for postage for free costly box of goods which will help all to more money than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

America's Favorite



Lager Beer



## PROF. DOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a perfectly pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."



Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

### THE RIGHT TIME.

The proper time to use Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills is when you have Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin, Rush of Blood to the Head, Headache, Pain in the Back, Side and Shoulders, High Colored Urine, Vertigo and Biliousness. They afford prompt relief.

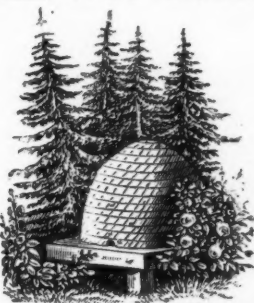
### A Lawyer a Witness.

J. P. Carr, Esq., a prominent lawyer, of Augusta, Ga.: "Tutt's Pills have been used in my case (Torpor of the Liver) and in my family with marked success. I believe them superior, in all Biliary derangements, to any pills made. It is the only remedy that has in my experience proved effectual for nervous headache. They never fail."

**Tutt's Liver Pills**  
CURE SICK HEADACHE.  
ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c.

BE SURE TO ASK FOR THE GENUINE

**HALE'S HONEY**  
OF



**HOREHOUND & TAR**

Well known as having NO EQUAL for the cure of COUGHS, COLDS AND BRONCHITIS. Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs, Leading to consumption. Rapid and permanent cures. Pleasant and efficacious. Does not contain anything injurious; exerts almost magical power; soothes and allays irritation and inflammation, and strengthens the tissues. Invaluable in the first stages of Croup, before a physician can be had.

KEEP IT IN READINESS.

Three Sizes: 25 cts., 50 cts. and \$1; the larger proportionately cheaper.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS CURE IN ONE MINUTE.

**BOKER'S BITTERS**  
The Oldest and Best of All  
STOMACH BITTERS,  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.  
To be had in Quarts and Pints.  
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,  
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

### SPREADING THE BROOKLYN "EAGLE."

I never heard Liszt but once. I was a young man then, younger than I am now, but I can never forget, and no one whose soul has not bowed in humble worship at the Feet of the M Master, can ever know the Complete Consecration I made of myself while I listened to Him. He wore that Weary and Haughty expression which was habitual to Him, and as He crossed the room to the piano, He received our Humble Homage with Majestic yet Awful condescension. The very Atmosphere of the room was Imbued with the M Master's Presence. As He took off His coat and rolled up His Sleeves, I held my breath with both hands. He played. The M Master played. Under the Magic Touch of His Hands the heavens Bent to Listen the hoarse chords muttered like the Retreating Storm, or the electrified keys sang all the twittering songs of all the Birds of Spring at once—the Sun burst through the Riven Clouds—the Moonlight Slept upon the Bank of Violets, and singing Brooks ran Murmuring to the Sea—grim-visaged War clanged on his Brazen Shield with mimic Thunder of the Skies, and all the Clamor of the raging Battle shook the ground beneath our feet—the room swam with the brilliant perfection of every Marvelous Conceit that sprang into living being under This marvelous Execution, and when He raised Both Feet higher than His Head and brought them down upon the keyboard in the Final Grand Hoopla, I knew no more, for I had Swooned at the M M Master's Feet. I never heard H H Him again.—R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

It makes the clothier, who sells half-cotton garments as all wool, as mad as a hornet when he finds that the grocer has palmed cotton-seed oil on him as the genuine olive.—Phil. Kronikle-Herald.

For some time past I've been a rheumatic. I recently tried Salvation Oil which gave me almost instant relief. I sincerely recommend it as it has entirely cured me. JAMES GORDON, 150 S. Paca Street, Baltimore, Md.

32 CAL. R. F. Russian "HOME PROTECTION" Bull Dog \$2.50  
STERLING-AMERICAN BULL DOG, 32 Cal. \$3.50.  
THE ALFORD & BERKELEY CO., 77 CHAMBERS ST., N. Y. 32 Cal. \$3.00  
P. O. BOX, 2002. 32 Cal. \$3.50

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S  
STEEL PENS**

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD  
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.

**FALL AND WINTER  
1886.**

Magnificent Display of Fall and Winter Woolens.  
NEW SHADES. ORIGINAL DESIGNS  
Our Importations Include  
All the Latest Novelties from Abroad.

TO MEASURE.

FALL OVERCOATS from.....\$18.00  
BUSINESS SUITS ".....20.00  
TROUSERS ".....5.00

*Nicoll*  
The Tailor.

Nos. 145, 147, 149 Bowery,

and

771 Broadway, Cor. Ninth Street.

Samples and Self Measurement Rules sent on Application.

H. C. F. Koch & Co.  
6th Ave & 20th St.  
N.Y.

HAVE MADE THIS SEASON A SPECIALTY OF

**FURS**

AND

**FUR**

**TRIMMINGS,**

ETC., ETC.,

Which their Buyers in Europe and out West have been collecting during the past summer.

Their Stock of Sacks, Boas, Muffs, Caps and Trimmings in Lynx, Beaver, Seal, Fox, Bear, etc., etc., is unsurpassed, and their prices are guaranteed to be lower than those of any house in the United States.

Orders by Mail (through their Catalogue and Mail Order Department) filled to give entire satisfaction.

**H. C. F. KOCH & CO.,**

6th Avenue and 20th Street, N. Y.



**GENUINE YANKEE SOAP**



After half a century is still without an equal,

AS A SHAVING SOAP.

Its rich, mild and lasting lather leaves nothing to be desired. All Druggists keep it. Avoid Imitations. Trial Samples by Mail, for 12 cents.

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,

Glastonbury, Conn.,

Formerly Williams & Bros., Manchester, 1840.

**WITH \$5 YOU CAN  
SECURE A  
DUCAL BRUNSWICK GOV. BOND.**

These bonds are shares in a loan, the interest of which is paid out in premiums three times yearly. Every bond is entitled to

THREE DRAWINGS ANNUALLY

until each and every bond is redeemed, with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond MUST draw one of the following premiums, as there are no blanks:

Premiums.	Reichsmarks.	Reichsmarks.
1	150,000	150,000
1	50,000	50,000
1	20,000	20,000
1	10,000	10,000
1	5,000	5,000
1	2,500	2,500
2	1,000	1,000
1	500	500
1	250	250
1	100	100
1	50	50
7,640	50	50

Together 7,700 PREMIUMS, amounting to 900,450 REICHSMARKS. The next redemption takes place on the

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,

and every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of November, UNTIL 6 P. M. is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders sent in REGISTERED LETTERS and inclosing \$5 will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing. Balance payable in monthly instalments.

For bonds, circulars or any other information, address  
**INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,**  
160 Fulton Street, cor. Broadway, New York City.  
ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

The above Government bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, as decided by the Court of Appeals, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the U. S. N. B.—In writing please state that you saw this in the English PUCK.



THE ONLY FORM OF TRIAL THAT WOULD SATISFY THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS—A TRIAL BY A COURT OF THEIR PEERS.